

Running on Empty

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Summary: How did Patrick Jane get to his island and what did he do there. My thoughts on that subject.

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Don't know where this idea came from, guess I wanted to know more about Jane and how he runs. What did he do on "his island" and how did he get there were questions I've had for a while. Guess these are my ideas.

The ideas are a bit jumbled and for some reason the writing style is a bit more stop and go than I usually write. Tried to catch any mistakes hope I did a decent job.

Please enjoy and of course your views are always welcome.

I don't own The Mentalist or any of its characters.

Running on Empty

Thomas McAllister's stared at the man above him, for years they had played a dangerous game of cat and mouse. But now looking into cold blue green eye he saw none of the old fear, none of the self loathing, he saw only determination. As his he felt his chest tighten, and his throat close searching for his last breath, those eyes showed him not even a hint of regret or remorse. Then the eyes of the notorious serial killer Red John saw nothing. He was no more, his reign of terror ended by the hand of the man he had promised to destroy.

Jane had always thought that he would take his last breath when Red John did, having no reason to go on, his vengeance quest complete his life no longer having a purpose. That was until he met a dark haired beauty, with a fire in her eyes and a gentleness in her heart. It was her face he saw, and her voice he heard in those few moments as he thought about life and death, and he knew he could not break her

heart again.

He stood up not even sparing a backwards glance for the man dead at his feet. At last Patrick Jane was free. There was nothing left to do but run!

Day one it seemed like he had been running for hours, in fact it was only fifteen minutes, when a nondescript blue sedan pulled up along side of him.

"Need a ride?"

Jane got into the car, he didn't recognize the driver.

The driver smiled, "Patrick Jane I presume, my name's..."

He was stopped from speaking by and a hand over his mouth. "No names are necessary. Where are we heading? Mexico I presume."

"You presume right. It's about a seven hour drive, why don't you get some sleep."

Jane slouched back in his seat and closed his eyes. He had left one final message telling Lisbon that it was over and he was OK and he would miss her. Oh God, how he would miss her, he never thought that finally ending the life of the man that had so many years ago had ruined his would break his heart.

He slept for most of the ride only waking up an hour outside of Tijuana.

"There's a change of clothes in the back along with some new ID and a burner phone for emergencies. If you don't need it don't use it." The mysterious driver nonchalantly stated. "Better get changed we cross the border in thirty minutes."

Jane slipped into the nondescript clothes and donned a baseball cap. He thought about dyeing his hair, but there was no time and he didn't relish the idea of being a brunette. Besides they were crossing over to Mexico right at the time the night guards were getting ready to go off duty. No one was paying that much attention. The car crossed over into Mexico with out a problem.

Day two Jane was dropped at a small motel about twenty minutes from the U.S./Mexico border. He was told to lay low for the next forty eight hours until transportation could be arranged to his final destination.

It wasn't the worst place he ever stayed, the bed was hard, but the Cantina served tequila twenty four, seven. His first night of exile he got drunk, very drunk. He cried for Angela and his baby, Charlotte, then he cried for himself and the women he left behind. He hoped his beautiful girls would forgive him for finding life, while he avenged their deaths.

Day three the smell of tequila lost its appeal and he went in search of a cup of tea. Sitting quietly in he same cantina as the night before, a young women approached asking if she could join him. He declined the company and the come on, from now on he was a solitary creature. Just his memories to keep him company and hopefully

sane.

Day four brought him the rest of his travel plans. A long hot bus ride to Mexico City and a flight to Venezuela, Margarita Island to be exact.

Day two hundred and thirty finds Patrick Jane accustomed to his new life. While he never really tried to make friends, he is a welcome sight to the neighborhood children and a constant visitor to the ladies of the post office. He rarely alternators his routine, he likes sameness it keeps him from going off the deep end.

Every morning he wakes with the sun, goes for a walk, then an ocean swim. Next it's off to Rodger's for breakfast, where he orders the same tea and eggs. The afternoon heat lulls him into a nap, The naps are never restful they are full of dreams of what might have been and nightmares of what was. Evenings find him in search of a meal and a few drinks. He likes sameness but recently he's added something new, writing to Lisbon.

Day six hundred and fifty and he has written her hundreds of letters. Only some actually make it to the mail. The ones were he confess his love and begs her to understand why he had to run remained unsent, along with those were he asked her to join him in his exile.

Day seven hundred and he thinks about his current life. Located approximately twenty five miles from mainland Venezuela and accessible only by air or ferry, Margarita Island is the perfect hideaway for the man on the run. Except he isn't actually on the run, he is stationary and stagnate, and he wants to go home. More than anything he wants to go home.

On day seven hundred and thirty one Patrick Jane gets his wish.

End
file.